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A FEW FACTS ABOUT TRAMWAYS.

SEEING from various published remarks upon the subject, that the operation of Street Tramways is very imperfectly understood, the advocates for the system in this district desire to make the following simple statement of facts, with the view of aiding in the formation of a sound and correct PUBLIC OPINION upon the subject.

The Promoters of Street Tramways are prepared for opposition. It is the fate of every improvement to encounter it. Railways were denounced as "visionary." Towns which opposed the approach of them afterwards begged to have branch lines made to them.

The watermen opposed river steamboats. The introduction of gas lamps was opposed for fear we should be blown out of our beds.

But all these "dangerous innovations" have become accomplished facts.

Tramways have, in their turn, been opposed by a section of people in most places as they will be here. But they exist in scores of towns on the Continent, and especially in America. In no city which has possessed them would the inhabitants on any account consent to be deprived of them.

Manchester must not, and will not, lag behind all the chief cities in Christendom.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC TIME.
TRAMWAYS INCREASE THE PUBLIC COMFORT.

The cause is assailed by the ugly charge of "MONOPOLY."

The supposition that the streets, or any portions of them, are intended to be "monopolised," is entirely fallacious. No body of persons could expect that any portion of the public highways would be given up for their exclusive benefit. The promoters of Tramway Bills do not deny that they expect to *share* in the general benefit arising from their adoption, by being enabled to save in horse power; but they do not seek this share at any body's cost. They contend that the public also will benefit in more than an equal degree.

The ownership of the street is not changed. Even the *use of the surface* is no more monopolised than it is by any cart or carriage passing any given point at any given moment of time.

The whole of the street between the rails, and the surface of the rails themselves, will be as much at the service of the public as at present.

The rails will be placed exactly level with the pavement, so that any vehicle can pass over or along them without the slightest hindrance.

Tramways must conduce to public convenience, for:—In the year 1868 the Tramways of Copenhagen carried over 4,000,000 fares; the population being 160,000 only.

In one year the Tramways of Philadelphia carried 30,000,000 fares.

In the year 1867, six of the street Tramways of New York and Brooklyn conveyed 78,000,000 passengers with 4,830 horses, whilst in London, the "General Omnibus Company" carried only half the number with the use of 6,677 horses. The population of New York is 2,000,000. That of London 3,000,000.

TRAMWAYS SAVE THE PUBLIC MONEY.

This is effected by the greatly reduced wear and tear of the street pavements, and consequently reduced pressure upon the Public Rates, as the pavement of that portion of road used by them is kept in repair at the cost of the Company, and the wear of the other portion is enormously reduced by the omnibus traffic abstracted from it.

The certificates of numerous Road Surveyors attest this fact; and it is matter of surprise that suburban road authorities, of all persons in the world, should oppose Tramways, for such a course is opposed to the interests and convenience of those they represent.

Powers are sought to lay down double lines only in cases where the streets are wide enough to leave clear room for a stream of ordinary traffic on *each side* of the street.

It is said that the streets in America are much wider than English streets. This is not the case. From a comparison of the streets of New York and Philadelphia, and other American cities, with our streets, it is found that America has no advantage over England in this respect.

Let Ratepayers ponder the following fact:—

"Whilst the carriages of the London General Omnibus Company passed over 13,000,000 miles of street, kept in repair by the authorities at the expense of the ratepayers, the carriages of the New York and Brooklyn street railways passed over 11,700,000 miles of street kept in repair at the expense of the companies."

WHY REFUSE A SIMILAR ADVANTAGE HERE?

RATEPAYERS,

do not be led by the blind prejudices of the few into opposing the real interests of this community! Examine these matters for yourselves, and you will find that every objection to this important social movement can be successfully repelled, and will feel it your duty to

SIGN THE PETITION

IN FAVOUR OF TRAMWAYS.

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HOW TO BE HAPPY

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

WHAT a vision of work to be done rises up before the mother of a family at the first indications of a change in the season! One day, after a nursery inspection of frocks and suits, I felt more than usually oppressed with the burden of coming work. The day was one of those lovely precursors of summer we sometimes have in the early spring, when it seems as if winter were quite gone, and warmth and sunshine ready to take its place; but all the pleasurable sensations such a prospect naturally awakens were overclouded to me by the thought, "What can the children wear?" It was no question of finery, but simply of seasonableness.

I am mother of eight children, and belong to that numerous middle class of Englishwomen, whose comfort depends on economy and good management. My family sewing had confessedly outgrown my capabilities long before, and help had become more and more frequently indispensable. I could not add another costly servant to our already large household, and the occasional service of a seamstress had proved expensive, and besides, did not altogether answer my purpose. A sewing machine might lighten my work and at the same time facilitate the domestic education of my daughters. I resolved to try the experiment, and that very evening talked the matter over with my husband.

"We have done without it hitherto," said George, "and I think we can do without it still; our income is not sufficient for luxuries. Besides the two eldest girls find useful occupation in assisting you with the needle; whereas, if a machine did all the sewing for you, they would perhaps spend time less to your advantage as well as to their own. I think then you had better save the expense of the machine and utilize their labour."

I thought George was wrong, but I did not say so very confidently at the time, preferring to wait until I had obtained more information on the subject.

He added "a sewing machine is useful enough for one who makes a business of sewing, but there are two reasons why it is of less value in a family; in the first place, it requires a degree of skill which you, at least, have not the time to acquire."

I lost no time in taking counsel with a friend whose two years' experience might be useful to me. I found, however, that she was in the habit of employing a woman who understood the machine and did not often use it herself, but she would show me a little of its working; it had been to the maker's lately to be set right, and was in perfect order. She broke the needle in starting, however—it was a slender curved needle, easily broken—and she could not get it to work again. This was a double-thread machine, really a very excellent one, but for her own use she had a little chain-stitch hand machine; besides, she thought there was an advantage in having two machines, one to use while the other was off to be repaired; the little one was gone now to be looked after on account of missing stitches.

I had not got the encouragement I had expected from my friend's experience, but we arranged to devote the whole of the next day together to an examination of the various kinds of sewing machines in the shops where I thought we might see them to the best advantage. The result of this expedition, was that I returned home in a very confused state of mind on the subject, and greatly fatigued.

That night I had a curious dream, induced, I have no doubt, by the events of the day. I found myself in a large room filled with sewing machines of all sorts, at work, each in its own way, making altogether a terrific clatter. As my ears became accustomed to the rattling of the machinery, the noise resolved itself into distinct voices from the several machines. One sang:—

"On I go,
Sure and slow,
One thread above,
One thread below;
You can learn me,
Persevere;
All can work me
In a year.
Sure and slow,
On I go,
Made for work,
Not for show."

Another:—

"Hurry and skurry and bustle away,
Plenty of work to done in a day!
Whirl-a-whirl, whirl-a-whirl, clack-a-clack-click,
On I go always through thin and through thick,
Click-a-click-clack, clack-a-clack-click,
Noisy I may be and not very quick,
But heavy and strong, with a thump and a whack,
Whirl-a-whirl, whirl-a-whirl, click, click, clack."

One thus ended its plaintive strain:—

"I shall do more to-night,
My under thread is twirled up tight,
Locked up tight, useless quite,
I can do no more to-night."

Another mourner with a suppressed jingle:—

"My bobbin has caught, oh dear! oh dear!
I've got out of order again, 'tis clear:
Something has injured the brush below,
Once more to be mended I must go!
If upper thread only could do it alone,
My song would be sung in a happier tone."

And a winning whisper caught my ear—

"If one thread will do,
Why bother with two,
To break, to confuse, and to tangle?
There is never a sound,
When my looper goes round,
No shuttles or bobbins to jangle!
I am quick, yet I make
Not a single mistake,
You have only to keep me a-going,
And I never will shirk,
The least bit of your work,
But do all of the family sewing."

When I awoke, I remembered that I had heard of a sewing machine working with one thread, which I had not gone to see, because I was told at the other shops that it was only a chain stitch machine. Perhaps this might be, after all, only a stratagem on their part to arouse my prejudice against a rival. I resolved to see it, and went early in the day, accompanied by my friend, as before. I had no intention, however, of making a hasty decision, for I had several questions to be determined before I purchased, and George as well as myself to satisfy.

(To be Concluded in the next number of this Journal.)

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G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, High-street, and 13, Church-street.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

4. DINNER: FISH.

WE have often heard, as a pleasant reading of an old saw, that procrastination is the soul of business. That may be all very well for mere business, but it is punctuality that is the very life and soul of cookery. The maxim of the old-fashioned politician, "Always put off till to-morrow that which you needn't do to-day," may be accepted, in a sense, in the science of which we are treating, but rather as a hint to reserve for another day such viands and other material as you can dispense with for the present; for, if ever punctuality were needed, if ever its observance might be reckoned a virtue and the breach of it counted a misdemeanour, it is in the preparation of fish as an article of food. The best fish will be cooked indeed, but cooked in vain, if you are not there to eat it. And here let us exhort you, oh reader, whatever meals you have or at what time, do have them regularly, and if you can't have them regularly, have them as regularly as you can! Our system, our plan of operations, is, as we have previously remarked, to have as few things as possible, and to have those as inexpensive, but as good, as we are able on such terms to get them; but if they have been secured, and our hints as to their preparation have been acted upon, it is throwing good things away not to be there to enjoy them, and not only that, but it is absolutely injurious to the stomach. We are proceeding, in these papers, on the assumption of a mid-day or early dinner, believing that to be most in accordance with an active, busy life; but, whether it is early or late, our advice is, endeavour to take it as nearly as may be at the same time every day. The stomach easily gets accustomed to either or any time, but it must be some one time, or your sin will surely find you out.

If the reader has followed our remarks about soup, he will perhaps remember that we don't profess to go in for long dinners, soup, fish, entrees, and the rest of it. If he has had his soup he may skip this chapter, or put it off for another day; but if he has still to begin dinner, perhaps he will allow us to "send him a little first." Here there might be a deal said about the folly and wickedness of the poor not using fish more than they do. In fact, we have read such things till we are tired. For one thing, it is an utterly groundless assumption. Where they can get it, when it comes within reach of their scanty means, they do consume fish in considerable and even large quantities, although it is made as uninviting as possible, sometimes positively repulsive. We have a pretty good notion that we know what is *not* an epigram, what is not wholesome or good for food, and, going a step higher than the costermonger with his modern British barrow, or the shrill-voiced hawker (which latter sometimes has a few good fish), we have seen at many a respectable fishmonger's shop, not excluding the neighbourhood of the Waste-dealers' Exchange, rubbish that ought to be buried or burnt some miles from town, or sent to some of the evil smelling places at Bradford-cum-Beswick, where they don't care for a stink or two more or less. And not only the things themselves, but the prices, we complain of. With scarcely an exception, all the fish procurable in Manchester are at least three times the price that they need or ought to be. Whether the fishmongers have an understanding or a secret treaty with the butchers we don't know, but it is quite clear they have a very good understanding among themselves. Let anyone go the round of the shops the first thing after breakfast. Let him call at such shops as he may come to on his way to town, and then go from the Exchange to Cateaton Street by one way, and back by the other, and ask the price, say of soles. They will be all round in the same tale, except perhaps one who will ask a penny or twopence a pound more. Soles are, when in condition, very good, but at the prevailing price, fourteenpence, they are a little dearer than oysters, and about twice the actual cost of the best and choicest meat the butcher sells. The fish, to begin with, are bred and fed on nature's common, the sea, and are to be had for the taking, and the fisherman's labour and risk are, judging from the lives they lead, poorly remunerated. What profits on profits are piled on one another, like Pelion upon Ossa, until fourteenpence is reached, is known best to the parties concerned, who could, no doubt, sell to a profit at fourpence. But that would never do, and we have heard of the dealers keeping the fish at a high price for days together, and then destroying it sooner than sell it for a penny less. For our own part, we are content sometimes to pay eightpence a pound for soles, and we occasionally, though not often, get them for less; but, rather than give more, we prefer to keep out of the market. You buy the fish wet, and it is weighed "with all its imperfections on its head," and by the time you have had it cleaned and dressed and dried for the pan, your pound fish is a very short three quarters, which stands you in tenpence.

The best size to choose is about a pound in weight, as fresh as may be, for the sole, unlike many flat fish, loses by keeping. Although many ways of cooking a sole are to be found, we think there is none equal to simple frying in a frying-pan. If you like to go to the expense, you can cover the sole with a whisked egg, and then dip it into dry bread-crumbs; but it will be quite as good if you will cover the fish with as much flour or oatmeal as will adhere, and then lay it in the pan containing hot lard or dripping. This "friture," as the French call it, should be very hot when the fish is put in, or it will not brown nicely. It need only be turned over, but you must take care it does not stick to the bottom of the pan, or you will have to tear the fish away, and so spoil its appearance when it comes to table. The time depends on the size of the fish and the heat of the fire, and the nearest direction we can give is, "about twenty minutes." Many devoted fish eaters eat this, and most other fish, with no other sauce or condiment than salt and cayenne. These, as a rule, may be taken with all kinds of fish, but if sauce be wanted, the best to soles is shrimp sauce, that is, melted butter made very fine and smooth, with a few picked shrimps added to it when boiling. A gill of picked shrimps, which costs about fourpence, will be sufficient for a good sized tureen of sauce. Plain melted butter is very good, and fish sauce or catsup of any kind may be added at table. It requires some care to make good melted butter. You must not be over economical of the butter, and the smoothness so desirable can easily be obtained by passing it through a sieve if you should perceive lumps forming in it. There is a saying, attributed to various Frenchmen from Voltaire to Louis XVIII., after a visit to England, "Quel pays! Vingt religions et que deux sauces!"—the two being melted butter and mint sauce, which well exhibits the entirely different habit of thought between the two countries. He would have had the orders inverted, and then, perhaps, have doubled the larger and divided the smaller number. But the French call many things sauces which we should not—gravy, for instance, figures largely in their "secrets de cuisine" as a sauce, and good gravy, we opine, is "a truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew." We should probably fail, however, in convincing Mossoo that he was not the only man who could comprehend a sauce, so we must take care to make what is conceded to us as good as possible. Good melted butter is, of course, the foundation of many other sauces. Oyster sauce and the others are only melted butter with oysters or the other articles put in just at the last moment, except, perhaps, parsley sauce or parsley and butter, in which, though the foundation be the same, the chopped parsley should be put in some little time before the sauce is wanted, or it will have a raw, Nebuchadnezzarish taste.

The best and most easily obtained fish at this time of the year is cod-fish. It does not admit of so many different modes of treatment as some other sorts, but if chosen with discrimination is very good. The best part is the head, the tail the most inferior, though some people like it, and it is a little cheaper than a cut out of the middle. There is a great deal of fine confused eating about a cod's-head. It is a common practice of ours to get a head, which may be bought at various prices from a penny to sixpence, and have a perfect revel. You can often get the head, with an inch or two of the body below the gills left on, for about sixpence. Put this into boiling water for from twenty minutes to half an hour. While that is being done make your sauce, for you must not

read the above directions as if you were to cook the fish first and then make the sauce. The sauce must be ready to bring with the fish to table the moment the latter is ready. There must be, to use a political phrase, "concurrent endowment." The sauce to codfish by preeminence is oyster sauce, but it is out of the question now to use "natives," and the larger oysters are tough when heated. So we use what we consider quite equal to oysters for the purpose—mussels. Not the small ones, but good sized ones, which you may buy for twopence a quart. After being well washed they should be either boiled or baked, with very little water, enough to open them. Save the liquor, and take out each mussel from its shell so as to get rid of the sand. Use a little of the liquor in mixing the flour, and give the picked fish a final boil in the melted butter, and "there you are." You may eat everything about the head but the eyes and the bones. We do not waver in our allegiance to salmon, the king of fish, but we think the next in succession is cod-fish,

Parent of sweetest "sounds" yet mute for ever!

FASHIONS OF THE PERIOD.

IT seems the fashion now-a-days to be very scientific—to use words lately invented or coined, the meaning of which one must know or be at once looked upon as behind the age. We heard some years agone that the schoolmaster was abroad. He appears to have returned full of strange words and modern counterfeits. Our little niece showing signs of the whooping-cough, the family medicine-man came, and talked to mamma about the rapid spread of "zymotic diseases;" so it was quite clear that the child was fearfully ill, and that the doctor must come every day. A strange deity at Somerset House, yclept the Registrar-General, has appeared. He is a kind of modern Moloch, who can only be appeased by so many people being killed in the streets of London by cabs and omnibuses, and threatens famine and pestilence if so many people don't get married every year. The latest thing out is a "spore." We used, some years ago, to bear patiently long dreary pieces by Spohr of the Op. 68 kind, lasting about five and twenty minutes, played by half a dozen fiddles of various sizes, at Hargreave's concert; also a melancholy oratorio "by ditto," as an auctioneer would say. Doesn't Mr. Hallé do something of the same kind now and then? But as to spores, we are threatened with a deluge of spores. Mr. Dancer and Dr. Angus Smith say we eat spores, drink spores, breathe spores, and we suppose sleep spores, and that they are always coming in ready to be turned into dandelions, or lobworms, or scarlet fever, or oysters, or things that are anything or arn't anything. Professor Tyndall says, with the immortal hyperbolist, that he sees them floating in the air, but will nip them in the bud.

There are some things we can only account for by spores. Ruffs, for instance. Not the Ruffs and Rees of Mrs. Glasse, nor the Roughs who playfully seize old gentlemen by the throat, but the Ruffs that have seized upon the necks of the universal world of young ladies, from the young lady of Cheetham Hill or Victoria Park to the young lady of the haberdashery persuasion, of Stretford Road or Oldham Street. All of a sudden their fair throats were all-rounded with some kind of a frill, were it a fulling of lace or a development of the "comforter." Then again, just before Christmas, every one, woman and child, must have plaid—Scotch plaid—about them. It is just now the Scotch-plaidedest time we ever saw. If a plaid dress of some material or other can't be compassed, there is a band of some plaid or other laid on just above the edge of the skirt of the dress or the underskirt, which, by the way, is fast become the dress, with what was the dress shrivelling up into a kind of apron worn behind as well as before. They must be Scotch spores. We have heard of the Scotch stores in Regent Street, but we never heard of Scotch spores before. The most recent novelty that spores have grown into is the long veil. Generally of light slate or dove colour, it is attached somehow to the hat, and, after being fastened again at the back of the head or the neck, it floats you some half or three-quarters of a yard behind, and threatens to take the place of the two long pendants, the belle-pull or the suivez-moi, which for so long hung from the shoulders, and has disappeared as completely as last year's mushrooms.

THE BIRD THAT SAVED THE CAPITAL.—The goose that cost you nothing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received the following letters, which appear to have been intended for the *Guardian*:—

Sir,—Allow me to call the attention of the public, through the medium of your valuable paper, to the frightful prevalence of measles in this city. This dreadful scourge is positively decimating the juvenile population of the town and suburbs. Is it not monstrous that the government should not step in and put a stop to this fatal epidemic, by making it a felony punishable with fine or imprisonment on summary conviction before two magistrates? My reason for believing it to be so prevalent is the fact that a school-mate of my youngest little girl informed her that she knew another little girl whose little brother had it very mildly last week.—Your obedient servant, ILLOGICUS.

Sir,—Permit me to inform the public, through your widely circulated columns, that my water-tap has burst. Providentially, I was not injured. I think the authorities should look to water-taps. I haven't the slightest idea who the authorities are. I only know I'm not one. I'm not only not going to take the trouble to be one myself, but I'm not going to take the trouble to find out who *do* take the trouble to be them. One can't do everything. I do my share. They work, and I grumble. —Yours, JEREMIAH DONOTHING.

P.S. A friend of mine says *his* water-tap burst only five years ago.

Sir,—I was walking along the footpath yesterday, enjoying a delicious orange, when I slipped upon a piece of peel that I had thrown upon the pavement. I write, sir, to complain of the culpable negligence of the police in not picking up all the bits of orange peel that people throw upon the ground. I am sure your readers will agree with me that a greater or more dangerous nuisance of the streets does not exist. I actually fell upon the stones and grazed my little finger. You will be glad to hear, however, that when I got home, I fomented it with milk and water, and my wife bound it up. I then had a substantial tea, a long rest, and after that a dozen oysters and a pint of porter. I went to bed and got a good night's sleep; and, your readers will be interested to know, I am this morning in a state of convalescence.—Your injured servant, MOLLYCODDLE.

MY STAGE CAREER.

AH! woe is me that youth should be
So full of madness sentimental,
And fun and frolic wildly free,
Defiant of restraints parental.
When I was young long time I lay
Imprisoned in a lonely attic,
Because I'd been to see the play,
And hungered after things dramatic.

Long after I had left the school,
My head well stocked with useless learning,
My fiery ardour would not cool,
I thought my stage-struck head was turning.
At last I garnered up my pence,
And, when the fiery morn was breaking,
Crept softly forth—o'erleaped the fence—
Looked back—then turned, my home forsaking.

Down in a little market town
Arose a canvas Thespian temple;
The manager (his name was Brown,
And mine—assumed—Octavius Sempel)
Smiled blandly when I told my tale—
"Round" as Othello's, and as pretty—
Announced me in the *Weekly Mail*
"The great tragedian from the city!"

For very joy I could not sleep:
"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel," I muttered;
I plunged amid a yawning deep,
Fought duels, strangely smiled and strutted;

Saw daggers in the air. Then, hark!
"A horse! a horse!"—"Now villains, yield!"—
"My Juliet, is it not the lark?"—
"There are two Richmonds in the field!"

Alas! for Shakespere, laurel-crowned,
Who cared? They joyed in melodrama;
I spoke of Hamlet—laughs went round—
They cast me for the Gipsy Farmer;
And then a smuggler, on his knees,
Fighting terrific combats many,
The gallery and pit to please,
(N.B.—Admission, price one penny).

In "fresher fields," in "pastures new,"
I courted fame and sighed for money;
Macbeth I acted—just a few
Thought my performance good, but funny,
These were the learned ones and high—
The squire and the neighbouring mayor—
But "taste" in pits who can espy!
They damned the play and hissed the player.

At last, half-tattered and unshod,
Much sadder and much wiser growing,
I walked along the dreary road,
Half broken-hearted, homeward going.
Over what followed draw thy blind
O Time!—shield it with mystic vapour;
Enough! In Oldham Street you'll find
A most unsentimental draper!

MR. WATERHOUSE AND OWENS COLLEGE.

THE exterior view of the new Owens College has now been for some time before the public. In justice to Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, it ought to be stated that the plans are merely the parings, as it were, of his original designs. "These are too costly" has been the reiterated assertion of the Extension Committee, and the result of their interference is painfully apparent in the exhibited drawing. Mr. Waterhouse has done his best to redeem the new buildings, but, after all, what is called a college is only a school of the Commercial Travellers' order. The exterior is simplicity itself, yet nothing lacking in effectiveness. It is "Waterhouse" all over, perhaps a little too much so. The windows, the pillars, the capitals, and the mouldings at once proclaim their author, and given the same money and the same materials no architect could, by any possibility, have produced a better effect. Not one square foot of needless ornamentation is to be found. The elevation is its own ornament. Internally the plans offer conclusive evidence of having been sacrificed to the whims of the several professors. Each professor has taken care to obtain a kingdom peculiarly his own, and, by so doing, the internal economy of the building has been ruined. It is almost a wonder that a separate building has not been provided for each of the professors. The School of Medicine must inevitably become amalgamated with, or absorbed into, Owens College, and that soon. Yet no provision for extension has been left, and additions to the present plans cannot but mar it. One would have thought, too, that some attention would have been paid to sanitary requirements, but we are assured that no provision whatever has been made for ventilation. The ventilation of buildings is understood to be one of the special studies—we might almost say hobbies—of Mr. Osborne Reynolds, the professor of engineering at Owens College. We wonder what he has to say to this glaring omission in the proposed new building.

As far as materials and construction are concerned, it is to be regretted that Mr. Waterhouse, who in his Assize Courts deigned to take a hint or two from Dean and Woodward's Museum at Oxford, has not again called to mind the entire truthfulness of construction carried out there; or, to go back to their source, the well-known "Glastonbury Kitchen." Nothing will prevent the interior of Owens College from getting shabby as it grows older, instead of merely mellowing with the charm of ripe old age.

We hope the proposed buildings may never be erected. The subscribers should take the matter up, referring it back to Mr. Waterhouse, and giving him a margin commensurate with the importance of the task and his own fame. The proposed buildings are practically no advance on those in Quay Street. If it were necessary, it could easily be proved that selfishness rather than lack of money is the obstacle to our possessing, not a mere group of petty lecture and professors' rooms, but a college noble in its first proportions, and almost self-expansive in its comprehensiveness.

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY.

ALTHOUGH the functions of an Honorary Secretary on this earthly ball are no doubt of the first importance, and although this earthly ball deprived of its Honorary Secretaries would be but a poor windbag, yet we must not run away with the idea that Hon. Secretaries are on that account needed in thousands, or that one in each quarter of the globe, including Berwick-upon-Tweed, would not be sufficient to keep this earthly ball from corruption. The savour of an Hon. Secretary is like salt, and will cure a many hams; but he can only leave the hams pork after all. Pork they were in "social status"—pork they will remain after the salting. The name only will be changed—ham! It is good for us that in modern times we have so many men eager to become Hon. Secretaries, and to transmit the blue blood of that "social status" throughout unnumbered generations, so that of that man it may be said, "he was an Hon. Sec.," or of this, "his uncle was an Hon. Sec."

It seems to have been an inadvertence on the part of the Hebrew chronicler that Hon. Secretaries did not occupy as much of the time of the most ancient people in the world as a deceased wife's sister, so that we have no scriptural warrant for them; but about their "social status" we cannot for a moment be in doubt. They are as old as the ills to which flesh is heir. Some men are born Hon. Secretaries, and they make a minute almost before they make a noise or anything else. If any fluid so black as ink were allowed them, they would no doubt register their own arrival and departure at the same time. In the case of many of them we devoutly wish they could have done so, for you see we are ill-tempered people and queer, and we have registered a vow against the race ever since the greatest Honorary Secretary who ever lived—and upon whom we never look without saying to ourselves, "bestride, bestrode, bestridden"—took us in hand, patted us on the back, forced his great good-looking face into ours, and told us a Cabinet secret of which he had become possessed by means of a written communication from the Earl of D., "which, my dear fellow, I have unfortunately just torn up."

I know I am ill-tempered and queer, and consequently I apologize beforehand for my antagonism to Hon. Secretaries. If my bosom friend became one I would have at him at once. If he were a volunteer officer, up to Captain Maclure in every point of "social status" and railway directorship and the rubrics of our beloved Church, and so much as ventured to apply for an Hon. Secretaryship to anything, I would even then turn upon him and bid him defend himself. I would address him in reproachful terms as the Greeks did, and I would respectfully wait what he had to say as the Trojans did—about two pages together—but it would make no difference at all to my fixed resolve to cut the supercilious beast at once. The very fact of his becoming an Hon. Sec. is a sign that he means to "cock" it over me. Before you can say Jack Robinson he has signed a circular requesting my attendance—why does he not in the circular name his weapon at once? These fellows are becoming an intolerable nuisance. They are like Cochin China fowls, and they stride and straddle over everybody and everything. I have known them as teetotallers, and I have known them smell of liquor. They seldom pay for anything themselves, but when the bill comes they audit it and pass it—"Signed, Dorking, Hon. Sec." Occasionally they bore you for money for their "objects," as they call them. "What objects?" you ask. Their own, of course. They have nothing else but their own objects to pursue—their own turns to serve. The printed papers they send you say one thing, perhaps twenty things, all neatly arranged, but that is only a blind. Their own object is the next game;

but we know what Carlyle said the world consisted of, and so those people—the F's—don't see it.

To be an Hon. Sec. is often a fertile source not only of position, but of income. It enables you to get in where otherwise you could not, and if you are a good Hon. Sec. when you have once got your head in—which is not saying much—you may force in your unworthy bulky carcase afterwards, and you may stride and straddle up and down, and cock-a-doodle-doo and clap your wings, like a feathered Columbus having discovered a continent. I wonder, now, if any roc of an Hon. Sec. will seize upon our new Bishop and transport him at once to the proper "social status," analogous, for instance, to that which, in affairs secular, is occupied by a volunteer captain and a custos rotulorum. I know one or two Hon. Secs., or at least I think so, who are waiting for the Bishop. They mean good by his lordship, of course, but they mean better by themselves. Will they be at the station when his lordship arrives—will they invite him to a conference in the waiting-room, flavoured with railway buns and pea soup, and make a minute of the conference, signing themselves all in a row—

"Butcher Dorking, Hon. Sec.
"James Banger, Hon. Sec.
"J. A. Corncrake, B.A., Hon. Sec."

I think they would if they durst. Let us form a body-guard, so that they dare not; let us take flails, disused blow-bellows, cab shafts, the hoe of the husbandman, the adze of the carpenter, the ripping chisel of the same, and all that Jove's dread bolts may counterfeit, and playfully brandish them at Bank Top, so that justice may be done. But not only spiritual peers do I commiserate. The British aristocracy in this regard has my warmest sympathies. They are almost at the mercy of Honorary Secretaries. Even the cadets of noble houses are set upon by these ravagers and despoiled ere they know their doom. The Hon. Sec. scents noble blood from afar; he races after the chariots of the aristocracy like wolves in the track of the traveller. His menacing trot, the sound of his lapping tongue, his eager breath, are blown upon the gale, and there is no escape. In the drawing-room even of the mixed "social status"—an oil merchant, for instance (frequently extremely mixed, I fear)—the noble youth is forced into a corner; he is taken in hand; he is lunched with the day after to-morrow; he is—— well, he has an intimate friend who is an Honorary Secretary.

BILLIARDS.

THE COMING MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE eleventh of February will be an important day in the diary of billiard players. W. Cook, junr., and J. Roberts, senr., will meet to decide the question which so many ask, and which so many try to answer; who is the best player in England? It is hard to destroy the faith of a lifetime without a proof, and therefore it is, that those who have believed in Roberts so many years, will not forsake their creed now. That he has been, in his day, the greatest billiard player in the world, few will deny; but there are many who knew him as he was, and who know him as he is, that think his day has passed. Cook on the contrary is in the ascendant. He *has* the advantages which Roberts *had*. He has already surpassed the greatest achievements of the champion, and still has youth, a keen eye, and good nerve on his side. Compare them at their best. Roberts has made 104 consecutive spot strokes, Cook has made 119, and on two other occasions 112. Roberts has made 346 in a break, Cook has scored 351, 359, 367, 388, and 394. Roberts has won a match of a thousand up in one hour and fifty-six minutes; Cook has completed his in one hour and thirty-eight minutes. Thus far it will be seen that the champion has been beaten on every point. In his later performances the figures are less encouraging. In his match with Morris, played in London, last Friday, his largest breaks were 41, 60, 68, and 96; and the time occupied in playing the game was three hours and a half. He gave his opponent 300 in a thousand, but was beaten by 70 points. Two evenings previous to this, Cook played a match of 1,000 up, evens, with J. Bennett, one of the finest players in England. Until nearly the end of the game he had to contend against a succession of difficulties, and everything went wrong; yet he strung together breaks of 53, 49, 43, 63, 51, and 50. When Bennett was 894, Cook was 367 points behind, but he never for a moment lost confidence, or threw away a chance. When Bennett stood at 945, Cook, starting from 630, played a splendid break of 228, which included 60 consecutive spot strokes. Bennett now ran on to 998, when he broke down and let in his opponent whose case seemed hopeless; but Cook, amid breathless excitement, scored ten and got into position for the spot stroke. After making 20 spot hazards he lost position, but regained it again when at 966, and ran out with an unfinished break of 142. It was perhaps the most exciting game ever played, and it proved that Cook, in an uphill game, never loses courage or despairs of success until his opponent has won; indeed, the closer the contest the more brilliant his play becomes. Looking, therefore, at the past achievements and present playing of the two competitors, and the physical advantages which Cook possesses, we cannot think otherwise than that he will beat the champion in the coming contest. Of course it is whispered that he has been bought off, but we do not believe he will allow himself to be tampered with in a match which, by its results, will throw so much weight into his future. For years he has been working at a pyramid of fame; he has completed it all but one stone; it is the top one.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

"FORMOSA" IN MANCHESTER.

PLAYGOERS will hear with regret that we are to have a dose of the Boucicault sensation drama in its worst form in Manchester. That *Formosa* should be produced at the recently licensed Amphitheatre in Bridge Street would probably excite no surprise, however much it might be deplored; but quite another feeling is aroused—one that we hardly care to characterize in more precise terms—by the report that the discreditable play is to be represented at the Prince's Theatre, as soon as the pantomime has finished its customary winter career. The rumour runs that Mr. Boucicault has engaged the theatre for a term, and will personally superintend the performance. There ought to be no sort of doubt as to the result.

INITIALS AFTER NAMES.

There has been some discussion in the paper lately on this learned subject. Somebody has had to step forward and explain, what one thought everybody knew, that so many M.R.C.S.'s, &c., after a man's name mean payer of so many guineas a year to the various societies whose initials he bears. It has also been once more proclaimed that M.A., at Oxford and Cambridge, is no more than B.A. plus a sum of money. Well, of course, all this is true; but what is the good of being at the trouble to explain it? Nobody whose opinion is worth anything thinks any the better of a man for having his name smothered in a chaos of initials, though it be formed of all the letters of the alphabet. Surely everybody knows that degrees and distinctions of the A.B.C. sort are no guarantee of excellence, or even superiority, whatever. Put two men of about the same social class together—the one decorated with initials and the other not—and probably the letter sprinkled individual will prove to be the inferior of the two. There are a few degrees which are really badges of honour. These, for the most part, are represented by a few letters. The unlearned may take it as a safe general rule that when a man wears letters to his name in groups of four each he is nobody particular. But it must not be inferred that the converse of this is true—that because a man wears groups of only two or three, he therefore is a genius. By no means.

MR. W. R. CALLENDER, JUN., AND THE "GUARDIAN."

The consideration of men who wear a tail of all the letters in the alphabet behind their names naturally brings us to Mr. W. R. Callender, jun. It seems that the *Guardian* has recently given utterance to the insinuation that Mr. Callender's disclaimer of the reciprocity movement towards protection proceeds from the denunciation of that project at head-quarters. This insinuation has startled Mr. Callender into a letter to the editor. We don't wonder at it. For the conception of the insinuation almost assumes the dimensions of an idea; and the encounter of an idea in the columns of the *Guardian* is an event to enter in one's diary. It is like the fly in amber. The notion that Mr. Callender is a—

tactician, is not in itself either rich or rare: but "we wonder how the devil it got" into the leading columns of the *Guardian*. However, it did. And Mr. Callender writes to rebut the imputation. Mr. Callender may be correct, when he denies that his disclaimer of protection was in any way connected with the similar disclaimer of Lord Stanley; but he should not be surprised at the insinuation being made. The two disclaimers were so marvellously coincident. And men's general characters go towards forming public opinion upon these strange coincidences.

THE SUNDAY SIX P.M. LETTER COLLECTION.

Is there any sufficient reason why the collection of letters on a Sunday should be at 6 p.m.? And has it never been suggested to the postal authorities how much more convenient to the public it would be if the collection were at half-past six, instead? Nearly all church services begin at the former time, and if the collection were altered to it, thousands of people would be able to post their letters on the way to church, with comfort, who have now to swallow their tea at a rate that scalds their throats, and rush off to the pillar or the office at a speed which, to a sensitive stomach, is painful. Of course, they could post their letters before they have their tea, if they chose; but turning out of doors upon a Sunday afternoon is not universally agreeable, especially to people who write. And we will engage to say that nearly all middle-class humanity, that does not either go to sleep or go a walk, writes letters, on a Sunday afternoon. This being the case, what more convenient than to post them as they go to church?

"THE CLOCK THAT TELLS THE TIME."

A gentleman in the heart of this city, who had a clock in the street front of his office, lately had it taken down for the purpose of being cleaned; and, during its absence, he received the following anonymous letter, which is in every respect a veritable copy of the original:—

Mr. H——Ser—i see you have done away with your clock wich i think is verry nasty off you and unbecombing of a gentleman wich you should be i am a neibor & notice these things and dont like anything unright as i feel sure you have done it for spite wich is nasty of you & d—m shabby, i no wat it is done for so look out as ill ave it in for you, big a fellor as you think you ar.

This is one of those things that tell the educational time of day in our city. Mr. H——, in the absence of his clock, seems to have a striking prospect before him.

THE COURT OF RECORD.

A session of this expensive and unnecessary court was opened by Mr. West, Q.C., on Tuesday. Of the forty-eight causes on the paper, three-fourths were either struck out or were undefended. According to the daily papers, the undefended cases, in all of which it was necessary to deliver briefs, to employ counsel, and to occupy the time of a jury of tradesmen, were brought to enforce claims averaging only a few pounds. In one of these cases, in which a verdict was given for about £8, counsel applied to the Judge for costs, on the ground that the defendant had made an affidavit denying all the grounds of action. The Judge said that that was no reason why the case should not have been taken to the County Court, and he refused the application. Either the vested interests that bolster up such an institution as this are unusually powerful, or, what is more probable, the public are inexcusably ignorant of its character.

BYRON AND MRS. STOWE.

Although the *Saturday Review* is fighting with tremendous vigour in favour of Mrs. Stowe's story about Lord Byron and his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh, and last week published on this subject the longest article we have ever seen in its columns, there cannot any longer be any doubt in the minds of unprejudiced persons that the *Quarterly Review* has completely disproved the American novelist's statement. The letters of Lady Byron published in the *Quarterly* of October last were, it now appears, obtained from legitimate sources, and "were authenticated by the Earl of Chichester, Lord William Godolphin Osborne, and Mr. George Leigh, the only surviving son of Colonel and Mrs. Leigh." In the January number many more are given. All of them show that between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh the intimacy was of the most affectionate character. In 1816, the report of a guilty connection between the brother and sister having got into circulation, in answer to a letter Lady Byron wrote:—"I deeply regret the reports which have been circulated relative to the cause of the separation between Lord B. and myself, and none can occasion me more sorrow than that which you mention as reflecting on Mrs. Leigh's character. During my residence under the same roof with Mrs. Leigh, all my friends have heard me express the most grateful and affectionate sense of her good offices towards me." Such, also, was Lady Byron's feeling till 1830, when she and Mrs. Leigh quarrelled about money matters, Mrs. Leigh taking the initiative by declining all further intimacy with Lady Byron. The cause of the separation remains as great a mystery as ever.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

9.—MR. W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

WHEN Lord Macaulay was a clever young graduate, and before most of us who now write and read were born, he composed an essay on history which is worthy of being read for its generally clear views; also for those principles which are laid down with the dogmatism of youth, but which views the lucky writer lived to render misty and to subvert. To "write history respectably," said Macaulay in 1828, "is to abbreviate despatches, to make extracts from speeches, to intersperse a due proportion of epithets of praise and blame, to draw up antethetical characters of great men, setting forth how many contradictory virtues and vices they united," and so on. To write it *greatly* is, of course, another thing, which Macaulay did not live to teach us. "But there are some writers," said the fluent reviewer, glancing prophetically at his imitator, Hepworth Dixon, "who confound the sound with the substance, and the means with the end. Their imaginations are inflamed with mystery. They conceive of liberty as monks conceive of love, as cockneys conceive of happiness and the innocence of rural life, as novel-reading sempstresses conceive of Almack's and Grosvenor Square, accomplished Marquises and handsome Colonels of the Guards." That is, as people who know nothing of what they dream of, conceive of anything beyond their capacity, but just within the boundaries of their imagination.

We are sorry to pronounce thus of our townsman Mr. Hepworth Dixon, first, because he is a Manchester man; secondly, because he is a hard worker, very determined, and in many points very trustworthy and even worthy; thirdly, because having lost his throne on the *Athenæum*, we would much rather speak well of one who is comparatively in the shade. When he commanded that little vessel there were dozens to praise him and to do him reverence; he repaid his flatterers with good meal or malt. We do not hear of many now who *raffolle* concerning him, and as our motto is, and should be, *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, we should be only too glad to say any amount of pleasant things of the author of *Spiritual Wives*. But against this feeling we have to put alove of justice, the fact that Dixon is by no means an honest or a healthy writer; and, together with the duty of the critic, the rumour that the new J.P. is as "cocky" as ever, that he is about to start a new critical journal with the modest title of *Light*, so that he will not be defenceless, but can draw and defend himself if necessary.

Mr. Dixon, who was born about 1820, is descended, so 'tis said, from "an old Puritan family;" we will not grudge the Puritans that glory. The first printed records of his career are to be found in the early annual reports of the Manchester Athenæum, where he figured somewhat prominently as an essayist and debater in the Discussion Society. In his novel of *Marston Lynch*, the late Robert B. Brough has pictured Manchester as Longport. Is there any resemblance, therefore, in the history of Hayporth Dibbs to that of the real H. D.? The satire has such a spice of

truth in it, and so clever, that we extract it, but we do not assign it. To us it seems a curious parallel, and as a proof let us premise that Mr. Dixon, a self-made man, introduced himself to Mr. Douglas Jerrold when that gentleman lectured in this city, and that, suddenly throwing himself on Jerrold's protection in London, he was introduced to old Mr. Dilke of the *Athenæum*, in the editorship of which he superseded Mr. T. K. Hervey, in 1852. He had previously made himself very useful to the proprietors. Here follows Brough's account of the imaginary editor of the *Asinæum:*

"Peter McGrawler," he says, "has left the *Asinæum*. With all his failings, he was a perfect Julius Cæsar compared with the crowd of pretenders, slaves, eunuchs, and barbarians who dispute his empire in these days of the *Asinæum's* Decline and Fall. The threadbare purple now hangs, in a looped and windowed condition, on the shoulders of an ignoble Dacian called Hayporth Dibbs." "How?" cries an interlocutor, "it seems but yesterday that this fellow was no one's equal at the discussion meetings of the Longport Institute, the standing joke and butt of the newspaper offices for his persistent determination to rush into print upon all occasions, and the sorry figure he cut when allowed to show himself. He has not the brains to write a police report with sufficient clearness to make you understand which is the magistrate and which the prisoner." "Perhaps not; but he has sufficient impudence to edit the *Asinæum*."

Robert Brough then gives us in a simile the resemblance of the success of this man Dibbs with "the long-legged Maximin, the fellow-blackguard and butt of gladiators," but who became Emperor of Rome nevertheless, "lopping off his subjects' heads, stealing their virgins," with the exuberant zest of a parvenu in power. In one respect the parallel is striking. Maximin attracted the notice of an emperor on a provincial tour; so Hayporth fell in with a wit "who is a wit and nothing else," and he followed this great one's chariot. It is not often that we get such vivid writing as this, so it is worth preserving in the *Sphinx*. Here is another extract:

Hayporth's wind was of the longest. He succeeded in forcing himself on the great man's notice by the intolerable loudness of his shouts. To drop my Roman metaphor and take up another, he fastened himself upon the unprotected Lion during the latter's stay in the North, and would not be shaken off. The Lion was annoyed, perhaps. But with the tenacity of the flea Hayporth combined the usefulness of the Jackal, so he was tolerated. The Lion returned to London, and, on reaching his residence, found Hayporth waiting for him on the doorstep (I have changed my metaphor again), wagging his tail, with his head crouched abjectly between his fore-paws. Such a very devoted cur could not be kicked into the street. The great man admitted the faithful animal to his already well-stocked kennel, and, finding that the creature could eat toads, fed him bountifully. Hayporth has since worn the great man's collar. He is devoted to his master's interests. He is always ready to fawn upon his master's friends. He will even submit to being kicked or cuffed by the *amis de la maison*—nay, by the very grooms and shoeblacks attached to the premises. But he will snap fiercely at strangers—would worry any man he was set on to attack by his proprietor. He is very jealous of other dogs, whom he will maltreat ruthlessly if they happen to be inferior in size and weight. Cats, rats, rabbits, he loves to destroy in the very wantonness of his natural ferocity. He is a very well bred dog, and waits prettily for all the bones and crumbs that fall from his master's table. Amongst other things, he has "begged," sitting up on his hind legs, for the editorship of the *Asinæum*, and they have thrown it to him.

It would be unfair to reprint this imaginary and parallel portrait, humorous, clever, and bitter as it is, were it not due to many maligned authors, to many a young fellow whose heart has been broken, to many a worthy lady whose support (her pen) has been taken from her, to many a genius who has been most unfairly suppressed, to state that during Mr. Dixon's sixteen years' management the *Athenæum* became a mere publisher's organ, noted for its unfairness, its bitterness, its ignorance, its want of capacity, and its partizanship. As a critical journal it was a snare and a scorn, but the weight, industry, and determination of its editor must have been great. As a property we believe the organ did not suffer; the public is generally too careless and too much occupied to enquire about the justice of criticism. Many books were simply "burked," *i.e.*, never mentioned in its pages except by advertisement, others were totally misrepresented. Its proprietors did not seem to know what the function of criticism was. A novelist reviewed his opponents, a broken historian slashed and cut at those who wrote history. As for generous fairness, help to young authors, wise advice, or kind and open-handed exposition of the views of an author, there was none. The critics thereon, one could see, moreover, were too often fain

to earn their bread
By damning authors that they never read.

One cannot in fairness praise either the journal or its conductor who carried out this false and hurtful system.

But Mr. Dixon is more than an editor. He has amazing ambition, and he became an historian in a very clever way. Macaulay with his false and subjective style had fascinated the world, and had made some slashing attacks upon people whom the world thought immaculate. It is the way with those novelists whom the public calls historians, first to blacken and then to whitewash certain heroes. William Penn had, given by Macaulay, a very decent coating of black on his respectable drab, and the Quakers were alarmed. Three went in a cab to visit the historian, but he gave them proofs of Penn's misdoings—of his trafficking with the estates and pardons of the victims of Judge Jefferies—and they fled with a howl of despair. There was an *avvocáto del Diavolo* wanted, and Dixon came forward, in 1851, with his *Life of William Penn*. Clothing himself in Macaulay's manner, strutting in his very way, this Manchester David *refuted* the great historian, and the Quaker world was happy. Of course the refutation was a mere bare and wordy denial, but what of that? After this book, in 1852, came *A Life of Blake;* then a *Letter on the Folio Corrector of Shakespere*, in which Mr. Collier's curious Perkins' folio with its notes, which Mr. Hamilton, of the British Museum, has proved to be full of forgeries by someone posterior to Perkins, was defended. Next a *Life of Howard;* then a Life called a *Personal History of Lord Bacon*, who was whitewashed at the expense of everybody around him just because Macaulay had given his true—and base—character. This was an old but acute touch of our clever author. Every character has two sides; people like to look at both, and would buy the second-sided book readily. Moreover, he who opposes in the arena a great man is thought to be as great. If one who was but a five mile an hour pedestrian had entered to run against Deerfoot, or another who could only box like a collegian to fight Tom Sayers, there would have been much talk and some little betting on the match. Mr. Dixon's name got coupled with Lord Macaulay's, and he was a made man. The editor of the *Athenæum* was fed with soft adulation all day long, and publishers bought books which were sure of three or four columns of extract in a prominent review on the day or so after they were published. When the extracts were like the following, they appealed to the vulgar taste as cleverly as they parodied Macaulay. Let us add that historically the villain below was a faithful, excellent servant, without a hint of the black paint and spangles Dixon lays on his hapless memory.

The third husband of Lady Leicester is her match in licentiousness, more than her match in crime. By profession a bravo and a spy, Blount is incapable either of feeling for his wretched wife the manly love of Essex, or of treating her with the lordly courtesy of Leicester. Brutal and rapacious, he has married her, not for her bright eyes now dim with rheum and vice, but for her jewels, her connections, and her lands. He cringed to Leicester that he might sell the secrets of his cabinet and enjoy the pleasures of his bed. With the same blank conscience, he wrings from the widow her ornaments and goods. Chain, armlet, necklace, money, land, timber, everything that is hers, wastes from his prodigal palm. He beats her servants; he thrusts his kinsfolk upon her; he snatches the pearl from her neck, the bond from her strong box. A villain so black would have driven a novelist or play-

wright mad. Iago—Overreach—Barabbas—all the vile creatures of poetic imagination are to him angels of light. What would have been any other man's *worst vice is Blount's sole virtue.*

Pray remark the theatrical portrait; also note the pretty little figure by which Barabbas is made a villain of a *fiction*. Alas! if this be history; it may please some, but to falsify history in this brilliant style is really a crime. Of course it is worse, it is also a blunder, but it pays. It adds a new terror to death. Let us imagine Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and a few of the people of our time painted thus.

Mr. Dixon's next work was to spend a fortnight or so in Judæa, and write the *Holy Land*, by which one would fancy that the enchanter had lived there for years. Our friend condescendingly called our Lord's miracles "little idylls," just as he had made Barabbas a hero of fiction, and translated and reported, in newspaper fashion, portions of the New Testament in a way to make a pious man sick. Then the great writer went to Yankee Land, and, in a book he called *New America*, wrote about Noyes, Brigham Young, the Prophet of the Free Lovers, and other Polygamists or Polyandrists, with the same fervour and reverence with which he wrote of the Christ. His book angered the Americans and shocked the English, but it created a sensation. Following on the track, and knowing that a good dog-fox with a fine scent causes the hounds to follow eagerly, he published *Spiritual Wives*, a semi-historical, grave, and sober-looking exposition of bigamy, trigamy, or polygamy, whereby matter best debated in Holywell Street literature was introduced into our drawing-rooms. The book was a hit. How true it is or was may be seen by the author's gravely treating of obscure and contemptible sects in America, and of Prince's Agapemone in England, a hole-and-corner place of hiding of a man more than once prosecuted by law, as a general thing, a common type of matters everywhere rife in the two countries! How decent and chaste may be guessed by the description of the public consummation of Mr. Prince's marriage with one of his dupes. But the book was highly spiced, and it "went" with the public. Next came a *tour deforce*, in an expanded sixpenny guide-book, with really nothing new in it, called *Her Majesty's Tower*, dedicated to the Queen, which was so successful that to dedication, volume, and all, he tacked on a second! According to the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, two high authorities, the book is beneath criticism. We can quite believe them.

Mr. Dixon has lately come from Russia, where he spent a few weeks, chiefly in railway carriages, which will enable him to produce an exhaustive work on that empire. We need not say that he is a quick worker after *that; Holy Russia* will soon appear, and will no doubt be a success, like the rest of the author's works. In the short period before his journey to Russia—that is about three months ago—Sir Wentworth Dilke, the grandson of the old proprietor, *chasséd* Mr. Dixon from his editorial chair. He was succeeded by Dr. Doran, and in justice to Dixon it must be said that the *Athenæum* is *not* improved either in tone or ability. Whatever Mr. Dixon deserved from authors and the public generally, he deserved better usage from those whom he had served to the best of his ability.

Here we must leave this eminent man of letters. We should have been better pleased to have written with more indulgence of one who has so much industry, perseverance, and boldness, but it would be unfair to scholars, true writers, and honest men, to let so much false pretence pass here with honour. In the meantime, Mr. Dixon has succeeded in hoodwinking the world, and his books and portraits are widely spread. But what of that? There is a Dutch proverb *De wereld wil bedrogen zijre*—the world loves to be cheated! Is it not true?

ON THE ATLANTIC.

2.—CONCLUSION.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free.
BARRY CORNWALL.

AS the Cunard steamers call at Queenstown in Cork harbour for the mails, passengers outward bound do not feel as if they had got fairly started until they have left the Irish coast behind them, and have fully committed themselves to the broad Atlantic. Then that peculiar feeling of isolation from the rest of the world begins. No more postman's knocks, no morning newspapers, no telegrams, no share-lists, no cotton reports, no anything. Really, by way of a change, it is in some respects a relief to be free from the everlasting worry and bore of an every-day city life on shore, where one cannot call five minutes of the day one's own. There is compensation in most conditions of life, even to those who sing "the hollow sail our palace is, our heritage the sea." However hard the life of a seafaring man may be, the cabin passengers by a good ship have a comparatively easy time of it. It is pleasant, for instance, to lie later than usual of a morning, if you have not slept well, and to take a siesta at any hour of the day, without feeling that you are neglecting urgent duties. No doubt a long voyage becomes monotonous, and generally the passengers begin to get tired of each other, and forgetful of those amenities in their daily intercourse which are put in practice at first, and which can alone render the society of so many people of different tastes and characteristics endurable to each other, confined as they are to a limited space. Passengers, however, have an instinctive habit of forecasting their voyage. If it is likely to last a couple of days, they resolve in their own minds to make the best of it for that length of time. If it is likely to occupy ten days or a fortnight they adopt the same course, and if it is to be a voyage of three or four months, they act accordingly. It is only towards the end of the passage that they become restless, fidgetty, and impatient, and if it is protracted beyond the expected time, the bonds of courtesy, sympathy, and good fellowship become loosened. An officer of the Lima informed me that, for the first day or two, the passengers were more or less distant and stiff with each other, then intimacies were formed which, as the ship approached its destination, degenerated into familiarities with a tendency to "tiffs" and ruptures, which in a few days longer would have ended in open war. I regret to say that he also added, that "the women were the first to fall out."

A vast deal of the comfort of the passengers depends upon the demeanour of the captain, even leaving his skill as a seaman out of the question. Of a taciturn temperament and totally devoid of fuss, Captain Rock was a rigid disciplinarian. Order and discipline prevailed throughout the crew, and the passengers caught the infection. In this respect there is a vast difference, even among the Cunard liners. If the commander is not a disciplinarian and without dignity, the passengers will be more or less lax, and disunion and want of harmony, if not disorder, will prevail before the termination of the voyage. Captain Rock inspired his passengers with complete confidence, and, if they were not satisfied with that, he was not the man to go out of his way to show any excess of palavering civility. Accordingly, he was not a captain who was universally popular, and his answers to loquacious and inquiring individuals were often brusque and curt. Thus, when they kept asking him, after being out a few hours, when they should reach Boston, his reply was somewhat sententious, and he would retort by asking what kind of weather they would guarantee him. It was said of him that a garrulous old woman asked him, when off the coast of Newfoundland, whether it always snowed there, to which he replied that, as he did not live there, he really could not tell. But if Captain Rock was at times disposed to be grumpy when he was pestered by foolish questions, he never interfered with his passengers so long as they behaved themselves, and he knew the time when it was just as well *not* to see an imprudence as any man in command. It was said of him that where a ship could go he could take her, and when some nervous passengers became rather alarmed during some very rough weather, and suggested that it might be as well to put the Lima about until the storm abated, he quietly said that he had confidence in the sbip, and that we should pull through somehow.

Until we left Queenstown few of the passengers were missing, but on

the same evening, before we had got well out to sea, something went wrong with the machinery, and the vessel had to be stopped. Then she fell into the trough of the sea and began rolling about in a most uncomfortable manner for some hours. The effect was magical, and passengers rapidly retired to their rooms. Fortunately I kept quite well and had a tolerable night's sleep, but next morning the breakfast table showed large gaps. Old Guzzles, however, was still in his element, bustling about and using all manner of nautical and technical expressions, and doing full justice to his meals. By the time we had been three days out it began to blow hard, and the attendance of passengers at meals was reduced to about a fourth of the original number. It was about this time that Guzzles afforded much amusement to those who had a laugh left in them, by appearing in the costume of a genuine old Salt. On his head was an enormous sou'-wester, which reached half way down his back, and with a huge oil-skin coat, leggings of the same material, and great boots, he looked quite the ancient mariner. Although it began to be difficult to sit at table, and a landsman's powers of locomotion had a very tipsy-like and staggering tendency, Guzzles came up to time at each meal with the courage and endurance of the late Tom Sayers, but there was a Nemesis in store for him, and it came next morning.

All this time I had been getting on very tolerably, and much better than ever I anticipated, but must confess that although not sick, I felt by no means comfortable, and was constrained to shirk my food. The old Yank whom I mentioned as sharing my cabin on deck, began to be a thorn in my flesh. Although infirm and bad upon his legs, the whole strength of his once powerful frame seemed to have settled in his tongue. That member never flagged during the whole voyage at any time that I was in his presence, at least when I was awake, and often had I to affect sleep and pretend to snore to try to stop his everlasting jaw. Not that he was uncivil or rude in any way. On the contrary, he was invariably so polite that I did not feel justified in telling him to hold his tongue. He had a perfect craze for talking upon theological subjects, and some of his views were startling enough, and anything but orthodox. When I first made his acquaintance in our cabin, which contained the usual two berths and a sofa, on asking him which he would prefer, he replied, "I guess you and I will not differ during this voy—age." He should prefer the sofa, as he "reckoned I should beat him at climbing," adding "I am well on for another world, and I have found this a —— bad one." This was pretty well for a beginning, but unfortunately for me his choice of the sofa gave him the command of the window, which he sedulously kept closed even in the finest weather, and which I could only manage to keep open for a short time, in the most stealthy manner. Sometimes, when I had not seen him from breakfast until bed-time, he used to welcome me back in the most cordial manner, but after asking a few trivial questions as to our progress, as soon as I got settled in my berth, he would launch out some such assertion as this, "Sir, the Christian religion is only a remnant of Paganism, and the Old Testament is but a fable." These views, propounded at anything but appropriately argumentative seasons, were not altogether acceptable, but one had to make the best of them. It was whimsical enough to hear a man suddenly bawl out to you in the middle of the night, "Now, sir, will you give me your real candid opinion about Jacob." This patriarch he had a great objection to, and used to abuse him and call him all manner of names for the way in which he drove bargains with his uncle Laban, and the manner in which he overreached Esau. Even the psalmist did not escape his animadversions, and he never tired chuckling over Hazlitt's remark that "King David was the first Methodist!" His two great heroes of modern times were President Lincoln and Dr. Colenso. In fact, his admiration of the bishop was such that I came to the conclusion, that he must have been brought up in early youth in the belief of some extreme and gloomy doctrines, and that he was thankful to find a respectable dignitary of the Anglican Church sceptical on some points like himself.

After having been at sea six days, we encountered the full force of the equinoctial gales. The noise was so great, and the steamer pitched so, that I found it almost impossible to sleep, and could with difficulty retain my berth. Nearly the whole crew had to be on duty during the entire night, and it was rumoured in the morning that some of them had got hurt. The vessel kept shipping heavy seas over her bows, which deluged her decks, and could with difficulty make their way through the scuppers. The roar of the wind and waves at night was tremendous, and the shouts of the sailors and shrill whistle of the boatswain could scarcely be heard amid the universal din. Even the ship's cow lent her aid to the uproar by lowing piteously. About six in the morning I had managed to go off into a kind of doze, when I was roughly awoke by a shock like an earthquake, followed by a deluge of water. The old Yank uttered an exclamation; and, jumping out of my berth, I found myself nearly up to the knees in water. The vessel had shipped another tremendous sea, which, pouring down her decks for an outlet, stove in the outer and inner doors of the officers' cabins, and brought the occupants thereof all out in their night-dresses to see what had happened. My portmanteau and hat-box were floating about like corks, and their contents got considerably damaged. The outer cabin doors had not been properly barricaded, and hence the disaster. However, no serious accident had happened, and the second mate, who had been up all night and looked like Neptune risen from the sea, laughed until he was like to split at the sight of a lot of passengers in their night-shirts, baling out the water with any vessel which came handy.

It was upon this stormy morning that friend Guzzles came to grief. The wind fell, but the sea continued to run very high, and the Lima pitched and rolled so that it was impossible for a landsman to stand upon the upper deck. I managed to crawl to the saloon at breakfast time, and found scarcely anyone there. Guzzles, however, was faithful to his post, with his porridge, bacon, ham and eggs, and other matutinal delicacies about him. I could, however, make no play with my breakfast, and, feeling the moment critical, was glad to beat a hasty retreat. Having got rid of my little difficulty, I was making for the saloon with the intention of lying down, when at the door I met Guzzles, but what a change! I absolutely started; his ruddy apple face had changed colour, and assumed a complexion of greenish yellow. His eyes were boiled and fishy, and his lips twitched convulsively. Biliousness had marked him for her own. With a rapid movement, something between a run, a lurch, and a stagger, he reached the bulwarks, and all was over. * * * * Wonderful to relate, after being conveyed below to his cabin in the most prostrate condition, he actually turned up again at dinner, but it was to no purpose. After a few feeble attempts at eating, he disappeared behind his table, in a recumbent position, but even then his little fat hand was to be seen emerging above it, feebly fumbling for some delicacy or other. This was the culminating point with the old gourmand. It took all the buckram out of him, and he was not the same man again during the remainder of the voyage.

After this episode, the weather moderated, and it was comparatively calm for the rest of the passage. On board ship, as well as on shore, Sunday comes as an agreeable novelty. The spiritual and material wants of the passengers are duly ministered unto. Divine service is conducted on board, the vessel is made as trim and taut as possible, and dinner is served in a more elaborate and recherché style. The passengers make some change in their dress as they do at home. There were three newly married couples on board the Lima, a young nobleman, the son of an English duke, and his wife, an American merchant and his bride, and a French Canadian, who had married an Irish girl, who was the belle of the ship, and the greatest flirt on board. These three couples dressed themselves on Sunday as if they had been going to attend their respective churches on shore. Service is conducted in the chief saloon, and attended by a large portion of the crew; and, although the exigencies of the situation necessitate a somewhat perfunctory style in the mode of conducting it, there is no lack of impressiveness. On this occasion the surgeon read the service of the Church of England, and got through it in a style about on a par with that of any average curate. After that an American preacher delivered a short discourse of an appropriate nature, avoiding doctrinal topics. Some ardent worshippers objected to this, and got up an opposition service in the forward saloon, at which I was not present. After Sunday we sighted Nova Scotia, and the usual excitement began among the passengers. Whist parties, chess, and all the usual games, were abandoned, and the cohesion of the floating community was dissolved.

DIDSBURY CHURCHYARD.—In the paper "A Ramble to Didsbury" the name "William Browne" should have been "William Broome."

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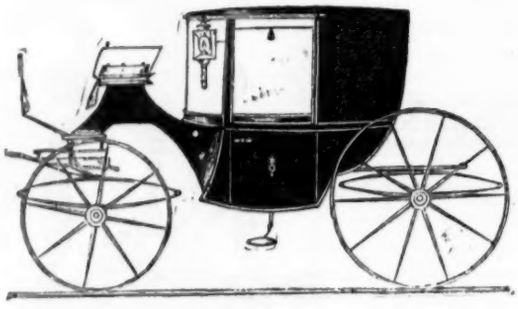

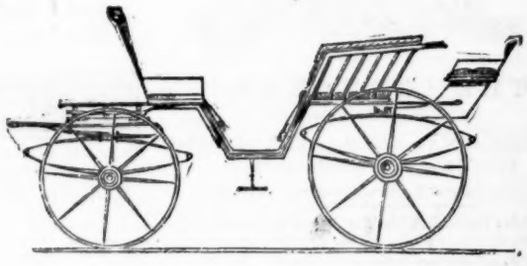

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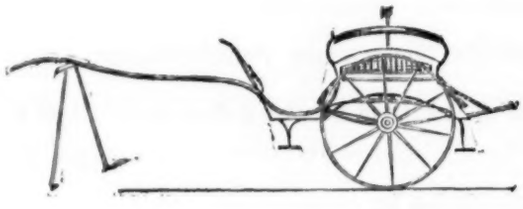

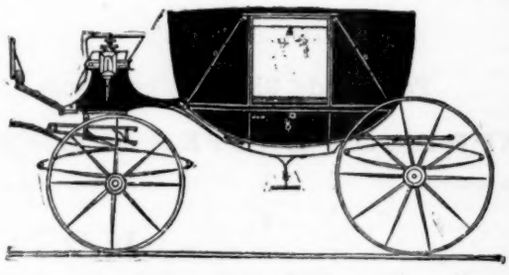

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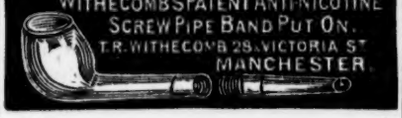

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A SALE will commence to-day and continue One Month,

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which, for Magnitude in the Amount and Variety of the GARMENTS, as well as for the Reduction in Price, has never yet been paralleled in this Establishment.

The Palace of Fashion will be Re-decorated throughout early in the spring, and upon its completion it is intended to have a formal RE-OPENING with a Stock Entirely and Exclusively New. In order to do this effectually, we are NOW OFFERING, for One Month,

EVERY
READY-MADE GARMENT
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at prices which in some cases are considerably below the cost of manufacture. A general summary of the Late and Present Prices will be found below in their several departments. In all cases the goods are of first-class make and material, and are of thorough good value at the original prices.

SUMMARY OF DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.

GENTLEMEN'S COLOURED DRESS.

	Late price.	Reduced price.
Fancy Trousers	14s 6d	8s 11d
Fancy Trousers	15s 6d	10s 6d
Fancy Trousers	17s 6d	12s 6d
Fancy Trousers	20s od	15s 6d
Fancy Vests	5s 11d	3s 11d
Fancy Vests	6s 6d	4s 6d
Fancy Vests	7s 6d	5s 6d
A large Lot Imitation Seal Vests	7s 6d	3s 11d
Shooting and Morning Coats	20s od	14s 6d
Shooting and Morning Coats	22s 6d	17s 6d
Shooting and Morning Coats	25s od	20s od
Shooting and Morning Coats	30s od	25s od
Overcoats and Reefers	16s 6d	13s 6d
Overcoats and Reefers	20s od	15s od
Overcoats and Reefers	25s od	20s od
Overcoats and Reefers	30s od	25s od

The more choice and expensive goods are all reduced in proportion, and a few Garments slightly out of condition, not specified in the above list, will be offered at one half the value.

No. 2.

BOYS', YOUTHS', & GENTLEMENS BLACK DRESS.

	Late price.	Reduced price.
Boys' Suits	16s 6d	12s 6d
Boys' Suits	18s 6d	14s 6d
Boys' Suits	20s od	15s od
Youths' Suits	22s 6d	17s 6d
Youths' Suits	25s od	20s od
Youths' Suits	30s od	25s od
Gents' Black Trousers	12s 6d	9s 6d
Gents' Black Trousers	14s 6d	10s 6d
Gents' Black Trousers	16s 6d	12s 6d
Gents' Black Trousers	18s 6d	14s 6d
Gents' Black Trousers	20s od	15s od
Gents' Black Vests	5s 6d	3s 11d
Gents' Black Vests	6s 6d	4s 11d
Gents' Black Vests	8s 6d	6s 6d
Gents' Black Coats	20s od	16s 6d
Gents' Black Coats	22s 6d	18s 6d
Gents' Black Coats	25s od	20s od
Gents' Black Coats	30s od	25s od

The best Superfine West of England and other high-class Goods are offered at a proportionate reduction. In this department there are several large lots of odd garments for boys, youths, and gentlemen, which will be offered remarkably cheap. They embrace all sizes and qualities.

No. 3.

BOYS', YOUTHS', and MEN'S CORD and MOLE DEPARTMENT.

	Late price.	Reduced price.
Men's Cord Trousers	6s 6d	5s 6d
Men's Cord Trousers	7s 9d	6s 9d
Men's Cord Trousers	9s 6d	8s 3d
Cord and Mole Vests	5s 6d	4s 6d
Cord Jackets	17s 6d	14s 6d
Flannel Jackets	4s 6d	3s 6d
Flannel Jackets	5s 6d	4s 6d

BRITISH 5 MA 70 MUSEUM

	Late price.	Reduced price.
Duck Jackets	2s 9d	2s 3d
Duck Overalls	2s 9d	2s 3d
Boys' Cord Suits	10s 6d	8s 6d
Boys' Cord Suits	12s 6d	10s 6d
Boys' Cord Suits	14s 6d	12s 6d

In this important Department there are many cheap lots of Soiled and Job Goods not to be met with in the usual way. This Department includes dress for artisans of every trade.

No. 4.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' COLOURED DRESS.

	Late price	Reduced price.
Boys' Imperial Suits	10s 6d	8s 6d
Boys' Imperial Suits, all wool	12s 6d	10s 6d
Boys' Imperial Suits, all wool	16s 6d	12s 6d
Boys' Imperial Suits, all wool	17s 6d	13s 6d
Boys' Imperial Suits, all wool	20s od	15s od
Youths' Suits	16s 6d	12s 6d
Youths' Suits	18s 6d	14s 6d
Youths' Suits	21s od	16s 6d
Youths' Suits	25s od	20s od
Boys' Overcoats	10s 6d	7s 6d
Boys' Overcoats	12s 6d	10s 6d
Youths' Overcoats	14s 6d	11s 6d
Youths' Overcoats	16s 6d	13s od
Youths' Overcoats	20s od	15s 6d

There is also a numerous lot of Odd Jackets, Vests, and Trousers, which will be offered at a price which must of necessity clear them speedily.

No. 5.

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, WOOL SHIRTS, &c.

In this Department there are many lots of Goods offered, the purchase of which will involve a clear saving of 5s. to 7s. in the pound.

	Late price.	Reduced price.
Men's Felt Hats	3s 6d	1s 11d
Men's Felt Hats	4s 6d	2s 11d
Boys' Caps	1s od	0s 9d
Boys' Caps	1s 6d	1s od
Boys' Caps	2s od	1s 6d

Wool Shirts 15 per cent less than usual prices. Umbrellas in proportion.

Our stock has ever been, and still remains, marked in plain figures, and, as the reduced price is marked in red ink on the same ticket, the extent and bona fide character of the reduction will at once be apparent.

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